

The



Cheer

ST. JOE, WIN OR LOSE — ST. JOE ALWAYS

VOL. XVI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1924

No. 17

CHICAGO NORMALS' NINTH INNING RALLY FALLS SHORT AND SAINTS WIN

Wednesday afternoon, April 30, while the month of showers was leaving in a most ungentlemanly and highly frigid way, the scrappin' Saints from Collegeville succeeded in annexing the third game on the schedule by a 10-6 count, although the Teachers threatened in the ninth when they scored five runs. Ratermann was on the hill for the local outfit and had the Chicagoans eating out of his hands all the way. The fans witnessed the game from various indoor points of vantage, very few of them braving the chilly blasts to watch the contest from the stands.

The Purple and Red team scored a brace of runs in the initial inning. O'Connor and McGuire strolled and Hoffman was safe when Peacock attempted to get O'Connor at third. Weier hit to left scoring O'Connor and McGuire, but Hoffman died on third when Gunderman whiffed and Rose hoisted weakly to short. One more run was added in the third. Then in the sixth frame Ratermann first up doubled, Roach hoisted to center and O'Connor strolled, but things looked dark when McGuire popped to the box. But, then up stepped Big "Ella" Hoffman and doubled to the band stand, scoring Ratermann and O'Connor. Weier was safe on Peacock's wild heave and Hoffman scored. Then after Weier had pilfered second, Red Gunderman showed the fans how they do in "Noo Yawk" by hitting over second, and Weier came in. The center fielder very obligingly put on the brakes and watched Rose's fly drop safe and the Wisconsin lad stole second on the next pitched ball, reaching third a moment later on a wild heave, but here he was stranded for Klen ended the inning, Padden to Cook. Twice the Saints scored in the seventh and then called it a day. The

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Varsity Sluggers Maul Remington High 17-2

Collecting fourteen hits and seventeen runs off the delivery of the elongated southpaw, Mr. Blake, the Purple and Red nine easily succeeded in defeating the high school team from Remington, Saturday afternoon, May 3. Tommy Neff started to hurl for the Saints and held the enemy hitless for three rounds when he was jerked to allow Boone to show his wares. The latter allowed but three hits in the remaining six innings. Gunderman secured three bingles out of four trips to the plate. In the second inning Neff hit his second home run of the year, a screaming line drive to left center.

The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
St. Joe	6	2	1	0	1	6	1	0	x	—17
Remington	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—2
Batteries:	Neff, Boone and Rose, Stock, Blake and Bahler.									

Saints Win Weird Game From Goodland High 21-4

Old Jupe Pluvius tipped the spout of his all too ready sprinkling can skyward long enough last Friday afternoon for the hustling athletes from Collegeville to annex a slugfest from Goodland High, 21-4. The score stood 5-4 in the seventh inning and then the storm broke. When the score-keeper finally figured his way through at the end of the eighth sixteen runs and eleven hits was the verdict. Boone went the whole route for the Collegians and did well, allowing only five safeties. O'Connor and Klen each secured four hits out of five trips to the plate.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Goodland	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	2	0	—4
St. Joe	2	0	1	0	2	0	4	12	0	—21
Batteries —	Goodland: Bigger and Kenney. St. Joe: Boone and Stock.									

Homecoming Brilliant Affair--Many Alumni Present

With a smile on every face, with a warm hand-shake for old friends, and with a greeting for everybody, the "old boys" strolled into St. Joe on Tuesday afternoon and evening. What did they come for? Why, to accept the kind invitation of their old Alma Mater; the invitation to have another of those grand family reunions, which serve to cement and strengthen old friendships and make those acquaintances, the friendships in embryo, grow to full hardihood and vigor. They came back to live over again the accomplishments of their student days, to re-enjoy past pleasures, and to find humor and gladness in past "penances"; they came back to blot out any possible misunderstandings with a smile of cheer; they came back to be sons of St. Joe once more.

Tuesday evening a very interesting meeting was held in the Raleigh Club at which various affairs were discussed. Among other things it was decided that the Alumni Association is to buy new seats for the balcony of the auditorium, called Alumni Hall. Another interesting feature of the meeting was the election of the new officers. Mr. George Arnold, Vice-President of the Van Schwingen Company, Cleveland, was elected President of the Association. Rev. D. L. Monahan, Pastor at Oxford, Indiana, was given the position of First Vice-President, while Rev. Ildephons Rapp, C.P.P.S., a professor of St. Joseph's, was elected Second Vice-President. The choice for Secretary-Treasurer again fell to Mr. J. Henry Hipskind of the Hipskind Heating and Plumbing Company, Wabash, Ind. Other officers of the Association are: Historian, Rev. James Fitzgerald, Assistant Pastor of All Saints Parish, Hammond, Ind.; Essay Judges, Rev. Victor Meagher, C.P.P.S., pastor at Winamac, Ind.; Rev. T. V. Fettig from the Cathedral at Ft. Wayne, and Rev. William Collins, C.P.P.S., of St. Leon, Ind. The

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THE BOOK I LIKE BEST AND WHY

There are many books in which I have been enthusiastically interested, but I hardly believe any single one has held a greater fascination for me than George McCutcheon's "Green-Fancy." The spark of vitality present in all of McCutcheon's works is enhanced in this particular story by the predominant air of mystery, as well as by the rare snatches of humor, gripping adventure, the undertone of expected tragedy and above all by the lifelike romanticism. What imagination could picture a more bewitching setting for a story than a quaint little house hidden in a dense woods and so green that it could not, at the first glance, be distinguished from the landscape? Moreover, could any name for this quaint homestead be more fitting or alluring than "Green Fancy?"

Indeed McCutcheon on the first pages seems to promise us the very best story we ever read and the more than lifelike characters carry us along with their every adventure and keep us from feeling any disappointment.

If you are looking for humor alone, I would advise you to read a joke book; if you want mystery alone, read detective tales; but if you want a rare combination of all the necessities for an interesting story, read "Green Fancy."

EDWARD O'BRIEN, '26.

To be a successful novelist, so it is said, the writer must live with his subject and portray life as he sees it and not as he would have it appear. If this be true, then Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert) has attained the "novelistic" heights.

To me, "The Wild Birds of Killeevy," written by this remarkable woman, lives up to every rule and composite which tend toward a good novel. Kevin Mor, the hero of the story, is a typical "Mick," who with his blarney and taking ways wins the love and adoration of the heroine, Fanchea O'Conner. The story centers around these two characters and we are always aware of their presence in the plot. The characters in this book are not listless and made up just of words, but each and every one of them appeals to us through comely words and life-like actions. The plot is laid in the land of Killarney's lakes, with a touch of Irish romance here, Celtic mystery there, and a similarity to home-life everywhere. It is a novel which should please and interest both the old and the young.

My favorite novel? "The Wild Birds of Killeevy," of course.

JAS. D. TRAHEY, '24.

Tender Memories

(In the street car.)

I rose and gave her my seat;
I could not leave her stand—

She made me think of mother, with
That strap held in her hand.

ALUMNI COLUMN

Exercising a powerful influence in Catholic activities in Indiana, Father Maurice O'Connor has won the admiration of an army of faithful. He is at present director of Catholic Charities in Indianapolis.

St. Joseph's College prides itself in numbering Father O'Connor among



REV. MAURICE A. O'CONNOR its Alumni; to him was extended the privilege of delivering the address on our recent Alumni Day. To the disappointment of all, however, he was forced to wire his regrets that pressure of business forbade his attendance on this occasion.

Homecoming Brilliant Affair

(Continued from page 1)

Executive Committee is comprised of Rev. E. J. Freiburger, St. Joseph's Orphanage, Lafayette, Ind., and Professor Henry Froning, Dean of the Chemistry Department of Notre Dame University, Notre Dame, Indiana.

On Wednesday morning at 8:30 all attended the Solemn High Mass at which the Rev. H. A. Hoerstman, Pastor of St. Andrew's, Ft. Wayne, was Celebrant, Rev. A. J. Tompkins, secretary to the Bishop of Louisville, Louisville, Ky., Deacon, and the Rev. A. V. Deery, Assistant of St. Catharine's, Indianapolis, was sub-Deacon. Rev. John Cherry, C.P.P.S., of the College acted as Master of Ceremonies.

Just before the High Mass the Rector of the institution, Rev. Ignatius A. Wagner, C.P.P.S., Ph.D., read the list of the deceased Alumni, for whom the morning services were offered. The Rev. Maurice O'Connor, Director of Catholic Charities, Indianapolis, Ind., who was to deliver the sermon, sent his regrets, stating that it was impossible for him to come because of important business.

After the Mass Professor Tonner

gave a short Organ Concert for the entertainment of the Alumni. In his usual fashion Professor Tonner played from the masters, interspersing some of his own work. Everyone enjoyed the concert and had but one regret,—that it was ended so soon.

At the noon banquet everyone was in high spirits and the short speeches made by the officers of the Association were heartily enjoyed.

The College Orchestra rendered most delightful selections during the entire banquet, and their services are highly appreciated.

This year, on the Patron Feast of the College, on the home-coming of the largest number of Alumni in years, everything was joy and gladness. There was but one flaw,—the weather prevented the great, long-looked-for game with Loyola University. Next year the students expect to have even the weather with them so that they can show the "old boys" a real game, and how it is to be played.

There are innumerable books read by the average student from time to time. Among these are numbered humorous, tragic, romantic, mysterious and adventurous stories. Humorous authors are my favorites, and my task is made harder when I have to choose between two such authors as H. C. Witwer and Sewell Ford. On a sober second thought I think that Witwer's "Fighting Blood" is one of the best works of humor that I have read this year.

The scene of the story is laid in a town so small that if a strange mosquito blows into town everybody knows about it before sundown. The plot of the story deals with the climb of a two-fisted, red-blooded, he-man toward the light-heavyweight crown. This fighter is known to us as "Six-Second Smith," a terror to all the other light-heavyweight contenders. In private life he is known as Gale Galen, in love with Judy Wilcox. The villain of the play, who is good looking, well dressed and goes under the unpretentious name of "Rags" Dempster. "Rags" is not only in love with himself, but is also trying to show Judy why she should change her title from "Miss" to "Mrs." Of the other characters in the play we have Nate Shapiro and K. O. Kelly, manager and trainer of Gale; Spence Brock, a friend of Gale, and Ajaraih Stubbs, Gale's first employer.

Of the plot it will be sufficient to say that "Six-Second Smith" wins the lightweight crown and then, as Gale Galen, he marries the girl who could spot Cleopatra five cans of make-up and still have Caesar and Anthony tearing up Cleo's telephone number.

If you want to enjoy two hours of laughter, read H. C. Whitwer's "Fighting Blood."

WALTER LYON, '24.

CHICAGO NORMAL'S RALLY FAILS
(Continued from page 1)

last run was the result of a hard hit line drive to left that eluded the gardener thus enabling O'Connor to make the circuit.

The Chicagoans scored one in the sixth round and five in the final inning. The five runs came as the result of three hits and two costly boots, but just as it was getting interesting Ratermann tossed Fuller out; Padden hit through second but was caught napping and Cook grounded to O'Connor for the final out, and the half frozen athletes hied themselves to the showers.

St. Joe	AB	R	IB	PO	A	E
Roach, rf.	3	1	0	2	0	0
O'Connor, ss.	3	3	2	2	1	2
McGuire, cf.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Hoffman, 2b.	5	1	1	3	2	0
Weier, 1b.	5	2	2	10	0	0
Gunderman, 3b.	4	1	1	1	2	0
F. Neff, 3b.	1	0	0	0	0	1
Rose, c.	2	0	1	5	1	0
Stock, c.	1	0	1	2	0	0
Klen, lf.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Petit, lf.	1	0	1	0	0	0
Ratermann, p.	5	1	2	0	5	0

Chicago Normals	AB	R	IB	PO	A	E
Padden, 2b.	5	0	2	1	3	0
Cook, 1b.	5	0	0	10	0	1
Krewitz, cf.	4	0	2	1	0	1
Peacock, 3b.	4	2	2	0	2	1
Johnson, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Rosenblume, rf.	2	1	1	1	0	0
Butler, ss.	3	1	0	3	0	0
Goldberg, c.	4	1	0	7	2	1
Delveaux, p.	4	1	1	1	4	0
Fuller, cf.	4	0	0	0	0	0

	37	6	8	24	11	4
	1	2	3	4	5	6
Chicago Nor....	0	0	0	0	0	1
St. Joe.....	2	0	1	0	5	2
Two Base Hits—Ratermann, Hoffman, Weier. Home Run—O'Connor. Stolen Bases—Roach, O'Connor, Hoffman, Weier 2, Gunderman 2, Rose 3, Peacock 2, Butler, Johnson, Delveaux. Double Plays—Goldberg to Cook. Struck Out—By. Ratermann, 6; by Delveaux, 6. Bases on Balls—Off Raterman 1, Delveaux 5. Earned Runs—Off Ratterman, 0, Delveaux 7. Left on Bases—Chicago Normal, 5; St. Joe, 11. Time—2:20. Umpire—Kirk.						

"Would like to get a job coaching foot-ball. What school would you suggest that I apply to?"

Ans. "Try the International Correspondence school."—Pacific Star.

"Say, Herrick, can a board walk?"

"No, but a tomato can."—Hour Glass.

Heba: "May I have the next dance?"

Sheba: "Sure, I don't want it."

Collegeville, ind.

Dear Paw:

Time and tied wait for no man and believe me old Mister Proverb who sed them words was rite. Here i have been atryin 2 fin dtime 2 rite this letter 4 a long time but someways or other i jest couldn't get 2 it.

Well paw everythin out here at colledge is fine and dandy spring is here, so they say an every onct in a while the sun shines all day long. Yesterday was lumni day. Now i spose u will say what in thunder kind a day is lumni day, i will explane u see after a feller goes to colledge and quits he aint no colledger no more, then he is a lumnus which means child in greek or german or lother of them 4in langwidges. But if u could have seen sum of the lumni gies u would easily know that that word child couldnt be taken litterally. 2be short this lumni day is like a reunyon back 2 home. these old boys come back and talk about how they uste do when they was colledgers but believe me if they did all the things they clame why its 1 big wonder 2 me that the bildings are still standing. But I gest these tails must be swallowed with a grane of salt.

Yesterday noon was the lumni bankwet and talking about eats the old thrashers dinner wood a looked like a box lunch aside of it. The orkestry played and the first coarse was something called roosters tails but if that was roosters tails i never saw a rooster. The orkestry kept rite on playin and the alumni sang but i think wood have been better if they wood have played the "old gray mare aint what she usta be" then there was soop and the coarses kept goin and comin jist like they was a traffic cop in the kitchen. After seeing that layout i quit figgerin why so many gies come back. Well the rest of the time was spent in speechin and then that was all except i spose a few gies made use of the time to trade ther old hats in 4 a good 1 which is customary on sich occassions.

Ther was sposed 2 be a base ball game after the bankwet but it rained so hard that the field was flooded and our fielders aint sich good swimmers so the game was kanselled. In the nite we had a pitcher show so that wasnt so bad after all.

i spose everythin is hummin back on the farm, well jest 4 weeks from 2day she will hum more than ever 4 yure Hiram comes home. By grab i most 4got 2 tell u bout the new lawn more they have got here, she runs with gasolean jist like a tracter onloy they aint no seat 4 to hide on but the man walks behind and steers it with two handle bars like a bysickle.

In my studies i am still doin exselent. After all this educashun is a pretty fine idee. I am undecided what to be after i get thru colledge. I saw

a book the other day what told what some of the fellers wanted 2 be. i dont know why most of them is goin 2 be enginears, now whats the idee of going 2 colledge jest 2 get a job on the ralerode. 1 gie says he is goin to be a civil enginear but by grab i never saw an enginear that was civil yet. Another bird is going 2 be an elextrical enginear but i gest that is a highfalutin way of saying he is goin 2 be a motorman on a street car. But as fer me i am jest goin 2 be Hiram R. R. No. 4, turkey Crick, indiany.

Gest i will clothes 4 this time love to mom and good luck with the little chicks.

Lovinly,
as pur usual,
HIRAM.

LEAGUE STANDING

Junior League			
Team	Won.	Lost.	Percent.
Bearcats	4	1	.800
Whiz Bangs	3	1	.750
T. N. T.'s	2	2	.500
Nine of Diamonds	2	3	.400
Questions	2	3	.400
Maroons	1	4	.200
Senior League			
Team	Won.	Lost.	Percent.
Fourths	2	1	.666
Seniors	2	1	.666
Thirds	1	1	.500
Seconds	0	2	.000
Academic League			
Team	Won.	Lost.	Percent.
N. A.'s	2	0	1.000
Skippers	1	0	1.000
South Siders	1	1	.500
J. C. C.'s	1	1	.500
Rinkeydinks	0	1	.000
Stars	0	2	.000

EXCHANGES.

Brother: Now, George, can you tell us what this passage means?

George: I'm sorry, Brother, but I don't know either.—ECHO, Cent. Cath. High Ft. Wayne.

Professor: What is Druidism?

Student: I think it was a certain kind of religion.

Prof: What form of religion?

Stude: Weren't they vegetarians?

—De Paulia.

Professor: Renner, spell prog-nos-ti-ca-tion.

Renner: I can't understand you, Father please write it on the board.

—Antonian.

"I got a letter from home and it says that two men traveling through Kentucky were killed in a feud."

"That's a cheap car anyway."

—Exchange.

Did you ever stop to wonder why all great men's birthdays fall on holidays? —Hour Glass.

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Collegeville, Indiana.

Collegeville, Indiana, May 14, 1924

EDITORIALS

CONDOLENCE

It is our regrettable though at the same time sympathising task, in this issue of The Cheer, to chronicle the sad news of the death of Mrs. Stoltz, the beloved and elderly mother of one of our professors, Father Rudolph. Her death, on May the 8th, followed a period of sickness of about a year. The burial services took place on May 10 from Sts. Peter and Paul Church, Huntington, Indiana, where the family has been residents for many years.

To Father Rudolph and the other members of the bereaved family, The Cheer offers the student-body's heartfelt condolence as well as fervent prayers for the repose of the soul of their dearly devoted mother.

LETTER-WRITING

A literary critic has issued a protest against the low state of the art of letter-writing. He asserts that letters nowadays are filled with personal gossip and chatter of trivial things, that they no longer contain the exchange of serious thoughts and comparison of observations which formerly often distinguished the epistles of intelligent people.

If letter-writing has degenerated, the reasons are not hard to find. One is that very many persons see only facts and events, and quite ignore that most interesting of tasks, the tracing of relatedness and causes. Another is that it is somewhat "old fashioned" to speak socially of abstract matters or to give extended descriptions; and even if one were inclined so to write, he would refrain for fear of being thought pedantic.

Letters should carry notable thoughts, for letters occupy a peculiar place in our means of communication. In composing a letter one has more time for reflection and orderly arrangement of thought than in speaking—yet one is, or should be, free from the restraint which characterizes nearly all writing intended for the public eye.

Letters ought to be, in short, friendly, spontaneous, and sparkling with accounts of what adventures, great or small, have befallen the writer. A

person of open perceptions sees countless things in the course of a day which are worth reporting. Where the dull mind can relate only that which someone said, or wore, or did, the intelligent mind will not be at a loss for good topics. One of the greatest thinkers has said that it is the mark of true greatness to see the sublime in commonplace things.

THAT LITTLE "THANK YOU"

Emerson once said "Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy." He was right. We should never be too busy to find a place for kindness in everyday affairs. It costs not a cent, yet the dividends it yields are astonishing. A little "thank you" for services rendered, a little "please" for favors requested, make those service and favors, tasks of joy for those performing them. Curtness and "bossiness" are not qualities of leadership. The domineering master never accomplishes results for long. Aggressiveness to a degree proclaims character, it is true, but aggressiveness without consideration for the rights of others marks a bully. It is so easy to say "Thank you" and it helps so much. In life at college the habit of courtesy is being formed or it is being cast to the winds. Which are you doing?

KINDLINESS OF HEART

You number amongst your acquaintances and friends a few persons whose presence gives you great pleasure—whose kindness of manner is a constant joy and inspiration—whose gentleness, and consideration in small things is unfailing. Few persons realize the influence in this world of such personalities. It is just as easy to go through life leaving a trail of sunshine and joy as it is to strew your path with discontent and discouragement. It is a simple thing to say, "I thank you" for some little courtesy or merely to indicate this by an understanding smile. A kindly word or smile at the right moment makes the whole world bright and may mean more to the receiver than much money. Most of us are not able to bring pleasure by gifts of gold, but all of us should have a large credit in the "Bank of Sunshine," and our checks upon that bank should never be returned, "No funds."

AIM HIGH

A depth of knowledge anent the psychology of life was revealed by that individual who coined for us the axiom: "Hitch your wagon to a star," for it is the student who has some definite aim that will eventually rise above the common level.

It takes a straightway course and a firm purpose to accomplish great re-

sults, unless perchance you are a genius or have been blessed with some extraordinary opportunity. But the majority of the men who have been called geniuses have attained that distinction largely through hard work and a fixed desire. Unswerving loyalty to an aim in life will get you further toward success than it will the student who was born to riches or fame, because the latter, through inactivity and ease, idles away the years that necessity is forcing him to use to build his brain and carve out his career.

Circumstances of birth, and sometimes misfortune, may check your progress, yet notwithstanding hindrances many men have mounted high on the ladder of what the world would call real success. But even though you should be halted on your journey, keep your face toward the sun and plod onward to the sun, and even though you should not reach the end of the trail beyond which lies the object of your aim in life, you at least will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have traveled farther on the way than you would have done had it not been for that insatiate and impelling force that kept you toiling on to reach the summit.

PETTY WORRIES

There probably never has been a barefoot boy who didn't stub his toe. In the mind of a youngster a stubbed toe is quite a serious injury, and, as we remember it, the hurt really is very painful. But it doesn't last long, healing in a few days "as good as new."

The barefoot boys of the summer days of "long ago" are now busy with books and lessons, well shod and forgetful of the stubbed toes of "long ago"; but numerous other events in our lives now seem as calamitous as stubbing a toe. Now that we are grown older there are many petty worries which cause us grief. A cross word from the professor may grieve the more sensitive of us, and others will lament because they are unable to "catch up" in class-work, or to participate in athletics.

But all of these things are petty worries. Yet many of us grow up to continue like children worrying over things no more important than were stubbed toes to us in days gone by. Our ordinary troubles and trials are really quite petty when considered from a broad viewpoint.

It is not well to worry too little about the difficulties and responsibilities of life, yet it is as foolish to weep over stubbed toes. One extreme is as serious as the other, but the student who can combine an optimistic view of life with a real interest in the things about him is the student who is the happiest and most often successful.

Horace In Collegeville
Lac St. Joe
(O fons Bandusiae, splendor vetro)
Horace 3-13 Odes.
O Lac St. Joe shining bright
Dignified with watered wines;
Soon a source of much delight,
When fields o'erflow with dandelions.

Then the lads with gaiety
Shall push your waters high;
Swim and dive promiscuously,
O lac your fame is nigh.

The hour is soon to bring
Laughter, revelry and joy;
The gods decree, it's Spring,
Come, let us your waters cloy.

Your name, O Lac, shall be
Famed by this immortal rhyme;
Know for eternity,
Thru the corridors of time.

Joe Sirovy. Tom Ronayne and Phil Rose were first in line at the Photo Company's Spring Sale—but they were disappointed. The sale was postponed because of rain.

The Casey goat is soon to carry many aspirants into the realms of knighthood. As a forward—shhhh—don't tell anybody—wear knee pads and old clothes, cause "It pays to please."

ST. JOE LIFE

You cannot loiter in the dorm,
The rising bell beware!
You cannot shout along the halls
Nor run or jump the stair.

You've got to watch your step, my boy,
You've got to look about!
Some eye, some ear you'll not escape
If you will not watch out.
—Russel Scheidler.



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THE CLOTHING HOUSE OF
WILLIAM TRAUB

RALSTON? Most certainly! And as usual right up-to-the-moment in style. Better come in early and look them over : : : :
: : COLUMBIA SHOE STORE

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A Home Away From Home

Thomas M. Callahan
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New Barber Shop
UNDER PALACE THEATRE
Hair Cutting a Specialty
Shave 15c Hair Cut 35c
W. L. THOMPSON

MEMORIES

For future years
I write these lays
About the gang
Of College Days.

2

In years to come
When looking back
I'll think of each,
From Jim to Mac.

3

When thoughts of yore
Come to my mind
I'll wonder where
My friends I'll find.

4

In prime of life
But soon we go
To worldly strife.

5

Where some may rise
And some may not.
What 'ere you do
Forget me not.

6

The days of Trig.
Of Latin, Greek
We'll recollect
Did make us meek.

7

When sitting here
In Winter's day
I think of when
Goodbye we'll say.

8

Methinks mine eye
The future scans,
Though well I know
'Tis God's, not man's.

9

So here I put
My dream away,
And all my trust
In God I lay.
—E. O'Connor, '24.

The Senior league is composed of many equally matched teams. Don't imagine I mean horses, but ball players. Most conspicuous are the Senior hurler and the Third's manager.

Red Oatman, flashy shortstop for the Third's, has discovered more speed can be gained by wearing a swimming suit while playing ball. But Red, oh, Red! watch the shoulders match that head.

Some "feller" put a question in the editor's desk asking: "Is Graduation on Commencement Day?" and we will answer it by asking, "Is fish eaten on Friday?"

GLYNWOOD

O Glynwood, my Glynwood,
Most lovely and fair;
Dear village, sweet village,
Would that I were there!

O Glynwood, my Glynwood,
The best spot on earth;
Dear village, sweet village,
The place of my birth!

O Glynwood, my Glynwood,
I'll come to thee soon;
Dear village, sweet village,
If only 'twere June!
—John Byrne.

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LISTEN TO THE BIRDIES

The Season's Song
Come one ,come all
Let's see you maul
That darn old ball.
Give us your best
We'll do the rest
Come on, let's go
For old St. Joe.

Pigeons—Doves—how art thy taste
—Drops of bitterness resulteth;—Our
Sympathies.

Theodore Liebert has a track team
in the making. Good luck, Ted, have
you a gun for the shot put or could
you use Sub for the Pole vault—he
worked in a bank—I hear you have
“red lines” for marker, well—here’s
looking at you, as you run the swim-
ming hurdles.

This page don't make any refer-
ences, but that book entitled “The
Dirty Deal” is finished and the hero is
the villain, namely, a local Sporting
Editor. A “Dirty Deal” is correct.

We were dreadfully suspicious the
other day; entering the club we saw
Red Gleason staggering round and
round—ah, he must have swiped some
of Brother David's hair tonic—but no,

on questioning the young man, we find
that he was merely trying to read
the name of a victrola record while
it was playing.

Dave Farragher thinks Benedict
Arnold was a janitor because they
say that after his exile he spent the
rest of his life in abasement.

Ah, the latest rumor that has
crossed the Rubicon is that Dan Cas-
tillo is writing for a movie magazine
—now don't be fooled, Dan isn't an
author, he just wants them to send
it to him.

Now that the club has curtains,
and a large blanket, why don't some-
body suggest a lounge or possibly a
bed, for as Diamond says, what good
is a blanket if you can't use it for
sleeping purposes.

If any of you guys want up to date
dope on any big league baseball don't
ask Red Lyon because he don't know
a thing about it, just write to the
Cheer and any question will be ans-
wered. Yea, Red.

Pokus: “But I always thought you
were born here.”

Hockus: “And so I was. Doesn't
that prove my statement?”

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News Stand

Asleep In Spring
The Bird sings
The Cock crows,
The Bell rings,
"Quiet" Repose.

It is whispered that since the last Cheer issue, many aspirants of the "bow-tie art" are found with Cheer in hand, mirror in front, tie on collar and collar on neck. If you fail once, maybe it's the wrong side—get another one and try again.

Collegeville Joe again in the lime-light. Poem a la carte, etc. Harvey and Johnny Klen are literary pals, it would seem.

Alphonse Hoffman is expected to make a "Home Run" on the 11th of June—touch all three sacks Ella, and be sure to stop at Columbus Grove.

Baseball has its drawbacks. Dapson, the Baby Ruth of the Junior circuit, kissed a beaut over the right fielder's head, tore around the sacks in nothing flat—and was informed that second base was waiting for him according to ground rules. Dapson says he's heard of Spalding writing rules, but never heard of any guy named "Ground" putting out a book.

We think Lowell must have been a college man—for he certainly could not have had inspirations, so as to write, "Oh! what is so rare as 'that day in June'"; by the by, the inserted "that" is of our own coinage. Our apologies to Mr. Lowell, but if you only knew.

In the Ashkum Journal: "Mr. Octave Petit gets new Tudor Ford Sedan." Watch Adolph strut on Commencement.

Joe Ludwig has come to the full realization, that to be Junior Manager—one must memorize the rule book. Don't forget to find out, Joe, how many times the pitcher can wind up before throwing the ball. It's most essential.

Concerning poem in last issue, Collegeville Red revealed his identity by kicking about where we got that corn fed stuff. 'Sallrite, Red, no offense, only corresponding.

Tennis must be wonderful to evoke such vigor and enthusiasm recently displayed by Joey Steckler. We can also announce while speaking of tennis that Gordon Hagstrom claims the undisputed southpaw championship of the school—come on ye left-mitters.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.

* * * *

Hi: Do you know that chickens come out of eggs?

Low: Sure, they'd get boiled if they didn't.

* * * *

"Why isn't your son making garden this year?"

"On account of the chickens next door."

"What?"

"He doesn't want them to see him in overalls."

* * * *

Never promise more than you can perform.

Prof.: How would you describe a caterpillar?

Stude: It is an upholstered worm.—Argus.

* * * *

Stock—Did you take a shave this morning?

Lucke—No, is there one missing?

* * * *

Hollywood beauty parlor remodels faces. If it isn't kept busy it certainly should be.

* * * *

Spring, glorious, wonderful spring, where art thou? Say, that's getting too poetical, but, boy, won't it be great

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